Condemnes you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Vncle, you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heavens sake, fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends,
Take speciall care my greetings be deliver'd,
Yor. A Gentleman of mine, I have dispatch'd
VVith Letters of your loue to her at large.
Bul. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums, Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for joy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting,
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his ravenous sence:

But

But let thy Spiders that sucke
And heavy-gated Toade lye in
Doing annoyance to the treache
Which with usurping steps doe
Yeild stinging Nettles to mine
And when they from thy boson
Guard it I prethee with a lurki
Whose double tongue may wit
Throw death upon thy Soverai
Mocke not my senceless Conj
This earth shall have a feeling, a
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her
Shall falter under fowle Rebell
Car. Feare not my Lord, that p
Hath power to keepe you King
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, th
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through
Growes strong and great, in sub
Rich. Discomfortable Cosin,
That when the searching Eye of
Behinde the Globe, that lights t
Then theeves and Robbers raun
In Murders and in out-rage bl
But when from under this Ter
He fires the proud tops of the E
And darts his Lightning throug
Then Murders, treasons, and de
(The Cloake of Night being plu
Stand bare and naked, trembli
So when this Thiefe, this Trayto
Who all this while hath reuell'
Shall see us rising in our Throne
His Treasons will sit blushing in
Not able to endure the sight of
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at
Not all the water in the rough
Can wash the Balme from an an
The breath of worldly men ca

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